Beautiful Smugglers.

"Now is the time we have to keep our eyes open," said a prominent member of Capt. Brackett's custom-house detectives. "All the gay birds of fashion who spend the summer abroad are on the wing home, and if they can slip in a few yards of costly lace without paying duty it would save them the expense of their trip."

"Do ladies indulge in amateur smuggling?"

"All of them don't, and some are so over-conscientious that they even offer to pay duty on non-dutiable goods. But human nature is the same, whether it is a fashionable dressmaker or the wife of a prominent clergyman, like the one who had twenty yards of fine Valenciennes lace tacked in her petticoat. I can not give you her name for publication, for no proceedings were taken against her except to have the lace removed from the garment and sent to the public stores, from which her husband afterward obtained it by paying $4 a yard duty."

"Are the ladies cunning in the devices they adopt?"

"Their ingenuity is unbounded. Take, for instance, the case of Mme. Leone, the fashionable modiste, who was arrested for smuggling some time ago. She declared that she was an actress, and that the dresses which she attempted to pass through without paying duty formed her theatrical wardrobe and were entitled to be sent in free under the section relating to tools of trade. She showed a contract in which she was engaged to perform the leading female roles in a number of plays. On the trial this contract was proved to be a forgery.

Ladies will bring over sealskin sacques in the middle of summer and wear them when the thermometer is in the nineties, simply to be able to swear that they have been worn. I remember a lady who wore a brand-new camels-hair shawl valued at $2,500. In her trunk was another shawl of the same material, worth about $500. She claimed to own both of them, but the dearer one was confiscated and never afterward called for. It was subsequently ascertained that the person who had given her the commission had made her a present of the cheaper shawl, with the understanding that she was to get the other one through free.

"Another device of the ladies is to fold new dresses inside their old ones, and it takes an experienced eye to detect the fraud. In one case a lady covered a $500 Worth dress with an ordinary calico wrapper much the worse for wear. I knew that she was too aristocratic to wear anything so humble as calico and that awakened my suspicions. Had she taken one of her ordinary wearing dresses instead of her servant's the fraud might have been successful. Some ladies do not hesitate to resort to trunks with false bottoms. One trunk in particular had false sides as well, and when I pulled a couple of screws out it all came to pieces."

"Do you ever arrest the ladies whom you catch in the attempt to smuggle?"

"No. The only case of arrest that I remember is that of Mme. Leone. We are contented to confiscate the goods. We send the articles to the public store and the owners can obtain them either by paying the duty or proving under oath that no duty is due. We take that course even in cases of suspicion, and I admit that innocent passengers sometimes suffer delay and hardships on this account. We must be extra cautious or Uncle Sam's revenue would be seriously diminished. You have an idea of our work when I say that over $80,000 are annually collected at the docks of the various steamships for duty on baggage brought over by the passengers. This is exclusive of what passes through the custom-house in the ordinary course of business. How large an amount the Government is defrauded of in the year by people who would be horrified to be called smugglers and who are not professionally engaged in the illegal trade, I can not pretend to say."

"Have you had much experience with the tricks and devices of professional smugglers?"

"I should say I had," replied the detective, with a smile, as he took from his desk a hollow boot heel fashioned of iron, to which was attached an iron clamp, and showed it to the reporter.

"Do you see this?" That clamp was fastened to a man's boot after the leather heel of the latter had been removed. Then this iron heel was filled with diamonds and screwed to the clamp. The shape and color are exactly like that of an ordinary heel, and were it not that the smuggler's nervousness betrayed him, he might have defrauded the Government out of about $5,000 in duty.

"Another case happened on board one of the Havanna steamers. I was looking for smuggled cigars, and having as I thought, satisfied myself that there were none on board, was about to leave when I noticed that the cleat of the window of the barber shop, which was on the upper deck, was a trifle loose. I caught hold of it and pulled, and, to my surprise, the panel came out, revealing an aperture about three feet high and one in depth, and running along the whole length of the window. This space was filled with boxes of the choicest cigars. After my men had seized them the barber and the steward of the vessel mysteriously disappeared, and have not shown up around the ship again."

"Did not the captain know of this?"

"No, from his explanation I felt convinced that the smuggling was being done without his knowledge. He had sixty men in his crew and only one pair of eyes to watch them while they were watching him. I wish I could say that all captains of inbound vessels are as innocent of complicity in smuggling as this particular one was. Other favorite methods of smuggling in cigars are to pack them in the center of barrels of oranges or in between baskets of bananas and other fruit."

"Is it not risky to have a man searched unless you have good cause for suspicion?"

"There is no pecuniary risk, but you are liable to discharge from the service on complaints made by the innocent sufferers. We must use our best judgment, and even then we are sometimes put on the right track by mere luck."

"I remember one day searching an Englishman, who was highly indignant when nothing was found on him. We told him that he had been pointed out to us as having smuggled articles in his possession. 'I know who told you,' he exclaimed in his broad dialect. He mentioned the name of a fellow-passenger, and added that he had shown some attentions to the passenger's wife on the trip over. 'That had,' he said, aroused the husband's jealousy and he must have denounced him for revenge. 'I'll get even with him,' he added, 'he's got a lot of jewelry secreted in his trunk. He told me so himself. Now, I'll walk up to him and shake him by the hand and then you'll know who he is.' Now, as a matter of fact, the Englishman had not been denounced by the person he mentioned, but it was all the same to us. We found the jewelry and confiscated it."—*N. Y. World.*

A Tramp's Revenge—Heroism of a Young Farmer.

A thrilling scene was witnessed last night at the burning of a saw-mill on the Six-mile Creek, south of Wesleyville, a few miles from this city. One of the owners, Dallas Crawford, drove from his premises a gang of tramps who requested food and lodging, but were unwilling to work a few hour's in payment. A vagrant who refused to go, and drew a deadly weapon, received the contents of a shot-gun in his leg. He lurked around several days, waiting for revenge. After supper last evening he saw Mr. Crawford's two little daughters enter the mill, on the upper floor of which a play room had been partitioned off for them. Following them the wretch fastened the door, while the children were playing inside. Descending to the basement he piled heaps of inflammable material in several points and then set the whole on fire. The fiend's intention was to burn the girls alive, in retaliation for the shot imbedded in his flesh by their father. In a few moments the whole lower portion of the mill was enveloped in flames. Ingress and egress alike were cut off and the girls seemed doomed to die the most agonizing of deaths.

They crawled through a hole upon the roof, but were afraid to jump, as the distance was thirty-five feet and the ground thickly dotted with jagged boulders. No ladders were available, nor could the flames have permitted their use even if at hand. The father and spectators turned away sickened, momentarily expecting to see the rafters yield and the children disappear into the roaring flames. The mother, shrieking that if her darlings could not be saved she would perish with them, rushed to the blazing building, but strong arms prevented the execution of her frenzied resolution. At this instant a deliverer appeared, a young farmer named Alfred K. Bonnell, carrying a coil of rope to which was fastened a strong iron hook. Hastily strapping climbing irons to his legs, he ascended a tall oak tree near the mill. In a moment he stood on a limb high above the children, who gazed at him with eager eyes. The young man threw the rope so precisely that the hook caught in the smaller girl's dress. Drawing the cord hand over hand, the girl swung clear and was lowered safely into her father's arms.

The crowd stood like statues as Bonnell cast his hook a second time to snatch a human being from a death that but a few seconds before appeared inevitable. He succeeded in getting the rope to the other child, who hung suspended in the air, her clothing catching fire as she left the perilous place. She was saved, however, without being much burned. When the intrepid hero regained the earth he sank down overpowered by intense excitement, and was carried away, not a second too soon for the safety of himself and friends. The boiler in the burning mill, surrounded by a mass of glaring coals, exploded, the detonation being heard for miles. Fragments of iron-plates, red-hot farming machines and flaming timbers were hurled hundreds of feet, though, fortunately, not a person was injured. The incendiary tramp fled from the scene of his crime on a stolen horse, and escaped the vengeance of the furious farmers.—*Erie Special to Philadelphia Press.*

A Match for Him.

Occasionally, yes, very often, woman is more than a match for a man. A farmer was in a hurry to get his work along, and went out into the field with his boys and hired man, entirely overlooking the fact that the last stick of wood in the woodpile had been burned to get the breakfast. Raging hungry the force came in at noon. The good wife had the table set with all the taste of which she was mistress, and it really looked inviting, but there was no dinner upon it. "Sarah, where's the dinner?" inquired the farmer, somewhat anxiously. "I don't know whether it is done or not. There was no wood for a fire, so I hung it in the warmest place I could find. It's on the ladder at the south side of the house." The whole force was detailed at chopping wood that afternoon.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The sagacity of Juno, a pure English mastiff standing three feet high and weighing 120 pounds, owned by ex-Mayor Bookstaver, is recorded by the Syracuse (N. Y.,) *Evening Herald.* She sleeps in Dandelion's stall, curling up against his head, and the two are inseperable. One day Juno went upstairs with her master to his office in the Wieting block, and Dandelion was left in the street at one end of a weighted halter. Ere long there was a commotion in the street, and the ex-Mayor, looking out, found Dandelion in the vestibule trying to drag the carriage up stairs. Juno likes children, and a child may safely pull the dog's tail or put its hand into her mouth; but a little boy who likes green apples cannot pick them up in her presence, for she takes the little boy by the wrist and holds him until he no longer holds the apple

—Mr. Moses B. I. Goddard, of Providence, R. I., recently found on Block Island an antique mahogany table, which belonged to the cabin furniture of the ship Ann and Hope, that belonged to the house of Brown & Ives, and was lost on the Island in 1806. A farmer has had it in his possession ever since, and Mr. Goddard rescued it from the kitchen where it was subject to ignominious use.

Pure Cider Vinegar.

Pure cider vinegar is generally accepted as the most desirable sort, and yet only a very small portion of the vinegar made and sold in this country is produced from the juice of the apple. The main supply of vinegar is obtained from glucose, acetic acid, mineral acids, ale, beer, distillers' slops, etc. White wine vinegar, largely used by picklers, is made from inferior wines, wine lees and other liquors.

It is with cider vinegar that farmers have to deal. Each farmer can make, at least, enough wholesome vinegar for the consumption of his family Even if it does not pay to make cider vinegar for market, it pays to make it for one's own use, as the vinegars on the markets are so largely composed of injurious acids that renders them unhealthful.

When vinegar is made directly from the apples, the usual method is to grind the fruit coarsely, cutting it up just sufficiently to gain juice, and let the pomace remain in a vat for several days, long enough to undergo fermentation. Then press out and expose the juice in an open vat or vessel two or three days, after which draw it off into barrels or casks, and let it remain in a warm place, with the bungs out, until ready for drawing off and bottling or storing in close barrels.

To convert cider into vinegar requires considerable time. The cider is placed in casks or barrels, with the bungs out, and stored either in loft, out-house or similar spot warmed by the sun's rays, and kept at a right temperature by artificial heat.

When it is desired to hasten the conversion of cider into vinegar various expedients are resorted to. Sometimes a little old vinegar is added. Again the cider is moved to a higher temperature and poured from one barrel to another to bring it into contact with the air. Or it is placed where it will trickle through a cask filled with oak, beech or birch shavings, previously moistened in vinegar.

A method that had its origin in France, and which has been employed to some extent in this country, is as follows: Boiling vinegar is poured into old cider or vinegar barrels, the bungs closed and the barrels laid on their sides and rolled two or three times for a day or two until thoroughly saturated with the vinegar. After this preparation the barrels are filled about one-third full with strong and pure cider vinegar and two gallons of cider. Every eighth day thereafter two gallons of cider are added until the barrel is two-thirds full. In fourteen days after the last two gallons are added the whole will have turned into vinegar, one half which is drawn off and the process of filling with cider begun again. In summer the conversion will go on in the sun, but in cold weather the barrels must be kept where the heat can be maintained at about 80 degrees. By this process it takes a little more than two months to produce sixten gallons of vinegar.

The best barrels are iron-bound whisky or old vinegar barrels. These should be left with the bungs out until the cider is fully made, that the air may come in contact with the cider. A piece of mosquito or wire netting should be placed over the bungs to keep out insects. It is not worth while to try and make vinegar from cider that is not pure. The addition of mustard seed, acid or other antiseptic will prevent cider from ever being vinegar.—*N. Y. World*

Sweetmeats.

It is not probable that sweetmeats will ever go out of fashion, and every year we question when a new genius will arise to add a new flavor, to compound or invent a new variety. There was a period, no doubt, when their number was far smaller than to-day, when mince-pies were an unknown quantity, frozen puddings and ices were nebulæ in the brain of the inventor, when compotes and jams were yet to be evolved, when marmalade and civilization had not been introduced and preserves were in their infancy. To be sure the housekeeper of that age was not obliged to broil over the kitchen fire on a hot summer's day, ruin her complexion and endanger her digestion, prospective, putting up pear and peach and plum, only to be kept in a ferment herself as long as they lasted, lest they should spoil on her hands and become a reproach to her. Neither, on the other hand, could she imbitter the existence of her unthrifty neighbors by the excellence of her conserves, the lucidity of her jelly. It is difficult to believe that the time ever existed when some kind of sweetmeat was not concocted to regale the guest; and what an era must that have been when the housekeeper's failure to prepare the dainty of her ancestor resulted, as probably it sometimes did, in the discovery, not of a new continent, but of a new confection! What a prestige it must have given her among her friends, and how the younger brood must have looked up to her as an authority on confections, and her contemporaries envied her good luck! The manufacture of sweetmeats is a drudgery which is, however, no longer regarded as an accomplishment, since even Bridget has caught the knack. Nature seems to have been ransacked to fill the pot and jar with "lucent sweets;" it is not only the orchard fruits which hive the sunshine in their pulp for this purpose, the strawberry which gathers in its delicate globe the sweetness and perfume of dewy summer mornings, but the clusters of the barberry have ripened for the preserve kettle, and on the shores of the Argyllshire lochs the berries of the fuchsia, which grows there in abundance, are cajoled into an agreeable compote; and is not rose-leaf conserve food fit for gods and poets? The one who plumes herself to-day upon her candied fruits and preserves has the large manufacturers and importers for rivals; and it is doubtful if they can be produced better or cheaper at home, if her labors and anxieties are not in the attempt. In the days when it was impossible to buy them, it was of course essential to devote time and thought to the task; for what is home without sweetmeats? But now she may surely turn her thoughts into sweeter channels, and use her leisure in loftier endeavor, when it is important that she should give her whole mind to the boiling and skimming of fruits in order to have a table well spread and a household well served.—*Harper's Bazar.*

How Eels are Caught in the Delaware.

When the eel hunters reach their grounds, which are along the shores of the stream where the water is sufficiently shallow to permit the light of the jack to penetrate to the bottom, they leave the boat and enter the water. The man with the spear and the torch bearer take their positions one on each side of the bow, while their attendants push the boat slowly along up stream. The eels always hunt their prey close along the bottom of the stream, which is as plainly visible beneath the glare of the torch as the shores are at noonday. When an eel is discovered, which is at every few yards if the night is favorable, lack of dexterity on the part of the spearsman alone will lose him, for he lies as still as a stick in the water, the working of his gills and his fins being the only sign that he is alive. The spear is three tined and barbed, and fitted by means of a socket to a long hickory handle. When the eel is discovered the boat is stopped by a signal from the spearsman. He lowers the spear cautiously into the water until it is within three or four inches of the eel, which he aims to strike a short distance back of the head. Then he launches it with a quick movement, and rarely misses his mark. The impaled eel is brought writhing to the surface and thrown into the boat. No matter how old a hand one may be at eel spearing, he will always experience painful suspense from the time an eel is sighted until the spear is thrown and he feels the well-defined "crunch" that tells him the shaft went true and the game is his. Crisp, starlight nights add zest to the sport, and so entrancing is it that one will not feel the chill of the water nor the nipping of a frosty September night until the night's hunting is over. A skillful party will capture in two or three hours' fishing from fifty to one hundred pounds of eels.

The set line has been a favorite mode of eel fishing along the Delaware River from time out of mind. The set line, as used years ago, was a small rope or heavy twine, long enough to reach from one shore to the other. At intervals of a few feet pieces of fish line, from three to five feet in length, called "snoods," are attached to the main line. The hooks used are large and strong and baited with young "lamper" eels, live minnows or larger fish cut into bait. The lamper is the favorite lure because of its tenacity and toughness. The young lampers are dug out of the sand along the river shore, and are found as deep as three feet below the surface. To properly fish with a set line the fisherman should remain with it all night, in order that he may go over it every hour or so, to remove the fish that may have hooked themselves, and to rebait hooks and keep the lines in order. Sometimes set-line fishermen build little bunks on the shore, covered with boards and well littered with straw, in which to snatch sleep during the waits. Usually, however, a large fire is built and kept up, around which the fishermen lie on the bare ground, "with no covering but the sky." There is a singular weirdness in a night spent in this way. Notwithstanding the roar of some swift "rift" in the river, and the constant voicing of the mysterious "peeper," there is a hush and a mournful silence in the surroundings that fills the novice, at least, with awe, and the relief with which he hails the coming of dawn is as the passing from him of a great burden.

A well-managed and cared-for set line will reward the fisherman with a large catch, not only of eels, but frequently of bass, perch or chubs. Once in a great while a lordly trout is cajoled into trying some of the tempting morsels offered by the set line, but not so frequently but that when it does happen it is town talk for days. A rainy night is best for set line fishing, but if there is thunder and lightning the line might as well be taken in. Eels will not hunt in a thunder-storm, but keep to their hiding places.

The days when "bobbin' for eels" was the prime amusement of those who loved sport for the sake of sport are now only a memory along the Delaware. It is largely indulged in still, but, with the exception of the irrepressible small boy, principally by those who fish more for profit than recreation. There is no doubt that on a proper night an expert fisherman with his bob may catch more eels than by any other style of fishing. A bob to be properly made should be made out of the toughest and largest earth worms that can be found. The worms, colloquially known as "night walkers," are the best. These are large, dark-colored worms, which can be found only at night in gardens where the ground is rich. In the day time their holes may be seen perforating the ground like a sieve. At nightfall the occupants make their appearance. They come out of the ground stealthily, and are so timid, and can seek their holes so quickly on being disturbed, that it requires an expert to catch them. It is not an uncommon thing to find these worms six and even eight inches long. A quarter of a pound of these strung on strong patent thread will make a "lure' that will not only tempt the most finical epicure of an eel, but one that will withstand the onslaughts of the ravenous prowler from nightfall until daylight. The "wad" of worms is fastened to the end of a stiff pole, and is lowered to the bottom of the water. The instant an eel seizes the bait an indescribable thrill is communicated to the fisherman. He draws the pole up slowly and steadily. The eel retains his hold, and so tenaciously that it requires only a steady hand and cool head on the part of the fisherman to lift him safely out of the water and into the boat. The writer has known a hundred pounds of eels to be taken on one bob by an expert fisherman.

While eels are still abundant in the Delaware, they are scarce to what they were twenty years ago. Eel weirs and eel pots have had their effect, even on this prolific denizen of the stream. The eels will soon begin their annual run to the ocean, and thousands upon thousands will fall victims to the weirs and pots that, in spite of the law, may be found in almost every rift.—*Milford (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—*The Dundee* (N. B.) *Advertiser* tells how a Mr. John Macdonald (farmer) a modern Samson, lately saved a cripple brother from injury by a bull by taking the animal by the horns, and, with one desperate wrench, breaking its neck.

Pilgrimage to Mecca.

In view of the fact that the French Government is actually considering the expediency of occupying the Holy City of Mecca jointly with other civilized Powers, in the hope of so controlling the yearly pilgrimages thither as to prevent the engendering and spread of cholera epidemics, the New York *Times* notes some curious facts connected with this custom.

This pilgrimage belongs to the class of *Ferd* or divine ordinances obligatory upon every Mohammedan once during life. None of either sex are exempted, unless by reason of extraordinary poverty; even a blind man is bound, if he has means, to hire a guide to take him to the Kaaba. Each one must take with him not only sufficient means for his journey, but also something for charity; and, moreover, he must, before his departure, leave his family sufficient means for support during his absence, which sometimes, even in these days of steamers and railroads, lasts a year. And so heinous is it considered to neglect this pilgrimage that the doctors at one time discussed the advisibility of putting all to death who refrained from performing it.

On the other hand the Prophet has promised the following heavenly graces to all who piously make the journey:

"Whosoever entereth Mecca shall depart therefrom pure as a new-born child."

"One prayer at Mecca is worth 100,000 prayers uttered elsewhere."

"One day of fast at Mecca shall be held worth a fast of 100,000 elsewhere."

"One almsgiving at Mecca to the amount of but one dirhem shall be recorded in Heaven as equal to alms of 100,000 dirhems

"And each single good action there performed shall be held equal to 100,000 good deeds wrought elsewhere."

Furthermore it is believed that all who die in the neighborhood of Mecca, or even of Medina, shall dwell in Paradise, and that at the day of judgment the cemeteries of the pilgrims will be lifted up to Heaven. The Prophet himself said that from the two cemeteries of Mecca 70,000 dead will enter into Paradise without having to render an account to God, and that each of these may take with them into Heaven 70,000 dead; "their faces shall shine like the full moon."

The kissing of the Black Stone, which has two eyes and a tongue and will at the last day cry out to God the names of all who have not kissed it; the circuit of the Kaaba itself, built where angels pitched the tent of God before man was created, and whose gracious names signifies the rounded smoothness of a maiden's ankle; the pilgrimage to the well Zem-Zem created by God to slake the thirst of Ishmael after Hadjira (Hagar) had run seven times from Sata to Merouan, in memory whereof pilgrims do still run seven times from one hill to the other; the casting of twenty-one stones at the hillock of Djemaral-el-Aakaba (entirely formed of stones thus thrown) in memory of the stones flung by Isaac at the Devil, together with other curious ceremonies, all performed with the same precision as inculcated by Mohammed himself during his last visit to the holy city.

Boy Chemists.

"You have no idea of the number of boys who buy chemicals," said the clerk in charge of the retail department of a large chemists' supply store. "When I came here first I used to wonder whence they got their ideas about chemistry. Just imagine a boy of twelve years coming in and asking for a quarter of a pound of chlorate of potash and ten cents worth of black oxide of manganese. That's what a boy bought just before you came in. I asked him what he intended doing with the chemicals, and he replied. 'Make oxygen gas.'"

"Why do the boys dabble in chemistry?" the reporter asked.

"They hear about it at school, where, in many instances, weekly lectures on physics are given. It is surprising how much the little fellows really know, and with what judgment they spend their money. They manufacture their own apparatus and display considerable ingenuity in doing it. The boy who was here just now will make his oxygen just as well as if he owned a most expensive retort. He will buy a clay pipe with a large bowl; then he will get a cork and fit it to the bowl. To the end of the pipestem he will attach a piece of small rubber tubing. Then he will fill up the bowl of the pipe with a mixture of his manganese and potash and push the cork in tight. A wide-mouthed pickle bottle will serve him for a bell glass. He will fill the bottle with water and invert it in a basin of water. Then he will put the bowl of the pipe in the flame of an alcohol lamp and the free end of the rubber tube in the mouth of the bottle. The heat frees the oxygen gas from the chemicals, and it finds its way through the stem of the pipe and tubing into the bottle, which is soon filled. Then the boy can experiment with it with hot charcoal, or a piece of lighted candle, or whatever else strikes his fancy."

"What chemicals do they usually buy?"

"Mostly the cheaper kinds. They like to manufacture for themselves and consequently buy a good deal of acid. Nitric and sulphuric acid seem to please them most. They prefer to make their own hydro-chloric acid, which they manufacture from sulphuric acid and salt. They buy a good deal of sulphate of copper, which they use in making galvanic batteries. They also use considerable alcohol. Occasionally they buy a blow pipe for charcoal analysis. One little fellow who comes in here made a still out of glass tubing. It had a water jack, and was complete in every way. It answers as well as one costing $25 or $30."

"Do they not sometimes burn themselves with the acids, or get injured by explosions?"

"Frequently. Only the other day the bottle in which one of them was making dydro-chloric acid burst. The boy's hands and face were burned. It was nothing serious, however. The saddest part of the affair was that the youthful experimenter was soundly whipped by his mother for spoiling the carpet, from which the acid took all the color."—*N. Y. Sun.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—General Abe Sawyer, of Key West, Fla., claims to be the smallest dwarf in the world, being thirty-two inches high, nineteen years of age, and weighing only thirty-seven pounds.

—The late William Wirt Sikes, United States Consul at Cardiff, was a native of Watertown, N. Y., and at the age of sixteen was a temperance lecturer and editor of a local newspaper.

—William Squires, of Fagg's Manor, Pa., who is sixty-nine years of age, is the possessor of a back tooth, which he cut when he was sixty-six years of age. This is the only tooth that Mr. Squires is the owner of.

—The oldest practicing physician in New York is Dr. John Davidson, of Hempstead, L. I., who graduated in 1813, and now, at the age of ninety, numbers his patients by the hundred and prepares his own prescriptions in the good old style.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Osceola, the great Seminole chieftain, does not lie in a neglected grave in Fort Moultrie's ruins, as some sentimentalists have been wailing. His bones were long since removed to a Charleston cemetery, and a monument rises over them, while only the tombstone remains in the fort.—*Detroit Post.*

—John Teemer, the young oarsman who recently achieved the distinction of winning a race in which Edward Hanlan was his competitor, is a native of Pennsylvania, nineteen years old. He is tall, straight, square-shouldered, with large dark eyes, and weighs 155 pounds when he rows.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Celia Thaxter, the poetess, was the daughter of Thomas B. Leighton, who lived on the Isle of Shoals. One summer young Thaxter, an invalid, came to the island and loved the seaside lass. Her father ordered him away, but he built a hut near by and declared he would live there until his sweetheart was of age. Finally the stern father relented.—*Chicago Times.*

—Milton Hay, who was a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, among other things, says of him now: "I never saw a man with less instinct for commerce or gain by barter, or any of the usual methods to get rich. He knew nothing about them. That is, perhaps why he had such a happy temperament. He trusted Providence and did what came along."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Alfred F. Chapman, who has been chosen at Denver as General High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, is a resident of Boston. He has been Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts and Rhode Island and Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of those States. He is also editor and publisher of the *Liberal Freemason*, issued monthly at Boston.

—Clara Louise Kellogg has returned to America, and been warmly received. She has been interviewed, of course, and told the reporter that she had never sung "Yankee Doodle." She was asked if she met Mrs. Langtry in England, and icily responded: "No. The nearest I came to it was meeting a gentleman who saw her in a shop in London." The singer and beauty do not seem to be very intimate.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A pawnbroker may be bad but there are generally some redeeming features about him.

—It is strange that whenever some young ladies begin to play on the piano many of the audience commence to talk. One touch of discord makes the whole party chin.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

—What a happy way of putting things the real poet has! Now, Burns, instead of saying, "Beware of pickpockets!" expresses the same idea by "A chiel's among you takin' notes."—*Boston Courier.*

—"I watched the billows by day, I watched the sea by night," says a current poet. He should engage himself as a hotel clerk at the seashore, where he could watch the bill-owes all the time.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Uncle—"Now, what would you say if I gave you a shilling apiece?" Master Jack—"I'd rather you gave mine to sis, uncle, and told her to buy me a shilling cannon, as pa said the first money I got should go for that window I broke."—*London Fun.*

—Dibbin had a horse which he called "Graphy." "Very odd name said a friend. "Not at all," responded Tom; "when I bought him it was Buy-o-Graphy; when I mount him it's Top-o-Graphy; and when I want him to go it's Gee-ho-Graphy."—*Somerville Journal.*

—During a disturbance in the gallery of a theater the exited crowd were on the point of "throwing over" one of the principal offenders into the parquet beneath, regardless of consequences. Observing the extravagant tendency, an Irishman of utilitarian views arose in his seat, and roard out: "Sh! Don't washte him! Kill a fiddler with him!"—*Chicago Herald.*

—At a school examination a clergyman was descanting on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school room and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin, who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir."—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

—Plantation philosophy: De man what would abuse a enemy when he is in trouble would not he'p a frien' in distress. De sensible man sometimes reads de foolish book, but de foolish man neber reads de sensible book. In de spring nature smiles; in de summer she frowns; in de fall she sighs, an' in de winter she slaps yer. It ain't de brave man dat will al'ers fight when yer calls him a liar, fur de brave man can stan' more dan de coward. De man what tells lies fur de 'musement ob de crowd ken be put up wid, but de man what lies ter make hisse'f 'portant is a mighty disgustin' bore.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

—Canada's cheese king is D. M. McPherson, Lancaster, Ont., who controls no less than sixty-four cheese factories, capable of turning out from twenty-two to twenty-five thousand boxes per month.